

Rise of a Legend

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Summary: Virgil Wilson, taken from his family at the age of five to become a Spartan, will face the hardships of war and make a name for himself as he fights to survive Insurrectionists, the Covenant, ONI and eventually, his own sanity.

1. Chapter 1

****AN:** Here it is! The rewritten version of A Spartan's Exile! So...I decided that I will start at the abduction of the Spartan-II candidates instead of going with telling my OC's backstory in half assed flashbacks cause I didn't think to use stuff from ****_**The Fall of Reach**_****. I thought 'You know what? Fuck it. I'll go use ****_**The Fall of Reach**_****. It will probably help my story in the long run anyway.' So now I'm starting with the abductions. Most of this story will be taken from ****_**The Fall of Reach **_****with some of the stuff being edited to fit my character's actions. There will be three original Spartan-II's. However, only one of them is actually an OC. One is taken from another game, I'll give credit where credit is due, and the other is...well...I'll let you guess. Next chapter though. They don't show up till chapter 2. I'll post one final author's note to A Spartan's Exile before I take it down in about a week. It has been sitting and collecting dust in the part of crossovers that is hardly ever visited. It's called Red vs Blue and Halo crossovers. So yeah, enough of me. Enjoy this short chapter of Lieutenant Keyes and Doctor Halsey.

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****Disclaimer:** I do not own the rights to Halo. I wish I did. Halo is property of 343 Industries. All I own is every Halo game except for Spartan Assault, a Halo 4 Champions Bundle poster that I got from RTX '13, **_The Fall of Reach**, **The Ghosts of Onyx**, **_** and **_The__ Thursday War_.**

****0430 Hours, August 22, 2517 (Military Calendar)/ Slipstream space-unknown coordinates near Luna****

Lieutenant Junior Grade Jacob Keyes awoke. Dull red light filled his blurry vision and he choked on the slime in his throat and lungs.

"Sit up, Lieutenant Keyes," a disembodied male voice said. "Sit. Take a deep breath and cough, sir. You need to clear the bronchial surfactant."

Lieutenant Keyes pushed himself up, peeling his back off the form fitting gel bed. Wisps of fog overflowed from the cryogenic tube as he clumsily climbed out. He sat on a nearby bench, tried to inhale, and doubled over, coughing until a long string of clear fluid flowed from his open mouth. He sat up and drew his first full breath in two weeks. He tasted his lips and almost gagged. No matter how many times he did this he would never get used to the lime flavored mucus taste of the supposedly nutrient rich fluids.

"Status, Toran?"

"Status normal," the ship's AI replied. "We will reach Luna in twenty-three minutes."

"Good. Thank you, Toran."

"You're welcome, Lieutenant."

Luna was far from the Eridanus Star System, their previous location. Luna orbited Earth in the Inner Colonies.

Wake-up protocols dictated that he inspect the rest of the crew to make sure no one ran into any problems reviving.

He looked around the sleep chamber: rows of stainless steel lockers and showers, a medical pod for emergency resuscitations, and forty cryogenic tubes-all empty except the one on his left. The other person on the _Han_ was the civilian specialist, Dr. Halsey. Keyes had been ordered to protect her at all costs, pilot this ship, and generally stay the hell out of her way. He still didn't understand what they were doing. Well, he understood what they were doing, evaluating children for something, he just didn't understand _why_ they were doing it.

The cover of Dr. Halsey's tube hummed open. Mist rippled out as she sat up, coughing. Her pale skin made her look like a ghost in the fog. Matted locks of dark hair clung to her neck. Her blue eyes fixed upon the Lieutenant, and she looked him over. "We must be near Luna." she said.

"Yes, Doctor." Keyes nodded. She swung her legs out of the tube and climbed out.

"Get cleaned up and dressed," she strode past him to the showers. "Hurry. Remember, we have important work to do."

Lieutenant Keyes stood straighter. "Aye, aye, Ma'am."

****XXX****

The bridge of the _Han_ had an abundance of space for a vessel of its

size. That is, it had all the maneuvering room of a walk-in closet. A freshly showered, shaved, and uniformed Lieutenant Keyes pulled himself into the room and sealed the pressure door behind him. Every surface of the bridge was covered with monitors and screens. The wall on his left was a single large semi curved view screen, dark for the moment because there was nothing in the visible spectrum to see in slipspace.

Behind him was the _Han_'s spinning center section, containing the mess, the rec room, and the sleep chambers. There was no gravity on the bridge, however. The diplomatic shuttle had been designed for the comfort of its passengers, not the crew.

It didn't seem to bother Dr. Halsey. Strapped into the navigator's couch, she wore a white jumpsuit that matched her pale skin, and had tied her dark hair into a simple, elegant knot. Her fingers danced across four keypads, tapping in commands.

"Welcome, Lieutenant," she said without looking up. "Please have a seat at the communication station and monitor the channels when we enter normal space. If there's so much as a squeak on the non standard frequencies, I want to know instantly. Same deal as Eridanus. It's highly unlikely that we would pick up any this close to Earth, but it never hurts to be cautious. "

He drifted to the communication station and strapped himself down.

"Entering normal space in five minutes, plus or minus three minutes." the ship AI said.

"Who are we looking for this time, Ma'am?" Keyes asked.

"This time we are looking at two six-year-old males and a five-year-old male. They seem to be rather inseparable. Although, the youngest boy seems to be more of a lone wolf when in the presence of more than just the three of them."

With a sudden deceleration, they entered normal space. The main view screen flickered and a million stars snapped into focus. The Earth, the birthplace of the Human race, was visible off to their left. The _Han_ angled towards a white ball of rock orbiting the Earth.

"Stand by for burn," Dr. Halsey announced. "On my mark, Toran."

Lieutenant Keyes tightened his harness.

"Three...two...one. _Mark_."

The ship rumbled and sped faster toward the ball of rock. The pull of the harness increased around the Lieutenant's chest, making breathing difficult. They accelerated for sixty-seven seconds. Luna drifted into the center of the view screen and filled the bridge with cold white light.

"Gravity boost complete," Toran chimed. "ETA to Luna is thirty minutes, four seconds."

"Well done," Dr. Halsey said. She unlocked her harness and floated

free, stretching. "Have I mentioned that I hate cryosleep?" she asked. "It leaves one so cramped." she turned her back to the Lieutenant and once again began typing into the keyboards.

"Approaching Luna." Toran informed them.

"Plot an atmospheric vector for the Luna spaceport," Dr. Halsey ordered. "Lieutenant Keyes, make ready to land."

2. Chapter 2

****AN:** I haven't posted a chapter in a while, sorry about that guys. I couldn't find my chapters. What I'm doing with this is different than my other stories. What I'm doing is writing the chapters into a notebook and then copying them to Google Drive. Sponsor! Please review readers, reviews let me know if anyone likes or doesn't like my stories and what I should change or do differently. Aanyanlut, enjoy!**

****1130 Hours, August 22, 2517 (Military Calendar)/ Luna, Naniwa, Crisium City****

Dr. Halsey and Lieutenant Keyes sat on a bench in a rather large park. The lack of atmosphere on Luna meant that everything was surrounded by airtight and oxygen filled domes and tubes. Currently there were a handful of children having a mock battle. One group of kids controlled the playground which took up most of the park space and the other group was tasked with taking over the playground.

Every child was given two guns that fired foam darts with chalk covered tips. They also had tightly packed bags of flour.

The attacking children began on the park benches and then moved on to the playground. The children on the playground began yelling about incoming Insurrectionist boarding craft. The attacking children reached the playground and with a cry of 'Open fire' on both sides the darts started flying. Children on both sides began ducking and sliding for cover.

The darts left chalk marks wherever they hit. The children that were hit and 'killed' cried out and made over exaggerated death throes. A majority of the attackers were 'killed' in the initial firefight while only three defenders were lost. The remaining six attackers split into groups of three and went two different ways. The defenders fell back to 'heal' their wounded, which was just wiping off the chalk marks, and replenish ammunition.

One of the attacking groups split even further with one boy going a separate way than the other two.

"That isn't strategically sound," Lieutenant Keys said. "If he is wounded he has no one to provide backup."

Dr. Halsey nodded in agreement. She made a note on her datapad but continued to watch the boy.

He eventually met up with a large number of defenders and took cover

as they fired upon him. The boy grabbed his bag of flour and threw it at the defenders. The bag released its contents upon hitting the ground and covered all but four in flour. The flour covered children threw themselves in various directions as though thrown by an explosion.

"Good acting." the Lieutenant murmured and raised an eyebrow in amusement.

A stray dart hit the lone boy in the leg. He acted as though he really had been shot and ducked behind cover. He then stealthily climbed up into the highest point of the section of the playground he was in and silently dropped behind the remaining defenders. He dipped the middle and index fingers of his right hand into another bag of flour and swiped them across a girl's throat. She fell to the ground choking and then lay still. The lone boy pulled out both guns and shot the last two kids in the back of the head half a second after 'killing' the girl.

Lieutenant Keyes whistled in awe and amazement. Dr. Halsey made another couple of notes on her datapad.

The boy came upon a group of his teammates. They were all 'dead' but they weren't the group he had left. He glanced up and quickly hid in the ceiling of the playground.

Dr. Halsey couldn't see the boy so she watched the two boys that he had left.

It appeared that they had run into some defenders as one was limping on his right leg and the other had a loose left arm. A dart whizzed by them and they took cover against the walls. One boy began firing until he needed to reload. Then the other began firing while the other reloaded. One of them shouted that they were out of ammo, pulled out two bags of flour and charged at the defenders while screaming at the top of his lungs. Several darts hit him in the stomach but he kept charging. He finally reached the defenders and threw down the bags of flour. He and the defenders threw themselves in different directions.

Dr. Halsey made notes on her datapad throughout the entire ordeal.

The boy, now sporting a heavy limp along with his loose left arm, moved down the walkways of the playground. He came upon a medium sized section heavy with defenders so he backed out. The boy who had left him dropped down silently from the ceiling of the playground. He informed the new arrival that the other boy in their group was 'dead'. They both looked down in sadness at the loss of their teammate. He pointed ahead of them and said that the rest of the defenders were probably on the 'bridge'. They silently crept onwards and pressed themselves to the wall on either side of the entrance to the 'bridge'. They took out a bag of flour each and threw them at the defenders. Several children were covered in flour and they threw themselves around. Now that their numbers were thinned to six and the captain, the defenders took cover where possible. The last two attackers threw their last bags of flour at the defenders. Three more defenders were 'killed'. They too threw themselves around. The attacking boy with the lame left arm and heavy limp poked his head around to look at the bridge and was hit in the head with a dart. He

slumped to the ground instantly. The remaining attacking boy paled. He steeled his nerves and charged onto the 'bridge'. He somersaulted over the defenders and shot two in the head as he landed. He spun on his back and launched himself under the legs of a girl. He 'killed' her and two others before springing upwards and onto the shoulders of the captain. The extra weight caused the captain to fall backwards but luckily the boy on his shoulders used his feet to prevent him from sustaining any injury. The attacking boy shot the captain between the eyes and took a dart to the back. He collapsed to the ground and quickly rolled over. He shot his attacker in the chest, then immediately in the chest again, then the head and finally the stomach. He fell and the lone attacking boy slowly pulled himself up in feigned agony. He looked at the captain and asked if there was anyone else left. The captain shook his head and the boy shouted that the game was over. All of the children who 'died' got up and wiped the chalk off. They all agreed to do the same thing tomorrow and then went their separate ways. The last three attacking boys walked in Dr. Halsey and Lieutenant Keyes's direction. "Excuse me boys," Dr. Halsey said. "Do you have a minute?"

The boys nodded and walked over.

"I saw your game and I was intrigued as to how you three did so well while the other children were severely lacking in skill and strategy." Dr. Halsey said.

One of the boys scratched the back of his head. He had oddly colored bubblegum pink hair, that was obviously dyed as his hair was brown at the roots, and his eyes were a dragon green coloration with a slight golden hue and he had a small thin scar on his left cheek. Dr. Halsey could remember his name just by his hair and eye color. Virgil Wilson. Candidate number 116. "My mom and dad taught us." he said.

"What kinds of things did your parents teach you?" Dr. Halsey asked.

"How to use knives, swords, firearms, explosives, how to move around without being seen, how to camouflage one's self, hand to hand combat, mixed martial arts, how to pick locks, how to hack computers, some medical skills, and some trivial stuff."

The boy next to him grinned like an idiot. He had messy brown hair that hung in front of his blue eyes. He was James Dean, or JD for short. Candidate number 12. "My skill set isn't that impressive but it's adequate," he said. "I too know how to operate a gun, a knife, explosives, a fair bit of medical skills and I have some skill in hand to hand combat."

The boy next to him nodded. He too had brown hair but his was combed over to the left side of his face and held down with hair gel. He had an odd auburn eye color. The boy's real name was not in Dr. Halsey's files and she didn't think he even had a name. He was candidate number 0. An impossible number to have, but it was too late to change it now. "I too share those skills/the sniper rifle is great/I really like that gun. I also use sword/it is a beautiful thing/much skill is needed." he said. In haiku.

"Yeah," Virgil said. "My mom taught us most of the stuff we know. My dad left when I was two. Not his fault. He got drafted by the UNSC."

He has only visited us maybe twice and only for about two weeks at a time. He taught us how to use a gun, explosives, and crude medical skills. My mom taught us better medical skills because she works at a hospital."

Dr. Halsey put this information into her datapad. She glanced at her watch and stood up. "Thank you boys. We have to go now. Have a nice day." With that, she and Lieutenant Keyes walked away.

****XXX****

****2100 Hours, June 4, 2517 (Military Calendar)/ Luna, Naniwa, Crisium City****

Virgil sat crossed legged on his bed. For the past week and a half he has been wracking his brain for a reason as to why that lady and the UNSC Lieutenant were so interested in him, JD and Zer0. After thinking for several minutes and receiving no answer he grew frustrated and threw his lamp at the wall so hard it cracked the wall. The light bulb shattered into hundreds of tiny pieces and the room was plunged into pitch black darkness.

The door opened and brought in light. A girl's head popped into the room. The girl looked to be about ten and had brown hair that fell down to her waist and brown eyes. She had a light dusting of freckles across her cheeks and the bridge of her nose. She had on a extremely tight black top and denim shorts that stopped two inches from her waist. "Daaamn boy! Was up witchu? Why you so mad nigga?" she asked in a horrible black gangster accent.

"Shut up, Maggie. And stop talking in the ridiculous accent, you aren't black." Virgil said.

"Don't tell me tah shut up! Bitch, I outage you!" Maggie shouted.

"Outage isn't a word you dumb broad!"

"It is in the Maggie Wilson Dictionary, Bitch!"

"That doesn't exist! Why do you always make up words? Are you trying to act like the United States President, George W. Bush?"

"Who da hell is George W. Bush?"

"An United States President. He was President from 2001 to 2009."

"I don't care!"

"Then why did you ask?"

"Fuck you!"

"I'm good!"

"Stop yelling!" A female voice shouted from behind Maggie.

"Sorry, Mom." Virgil mumbled.

"Don't tell me what tah do!" Maggie shouted and stormed past the woman.

"What was that about?" the woman asked calmly as she stepped into Virgil's bedroom. Like Virgil her hair was dyed pink, but she had blue eyes instead of his green ones.

"There was a woman at the park last week or so who kept asking me, JD and Zer0 questions about ourselves. For the past month I have been trying to figure out why. I got frustrated and threw my lamp against the wall. Maggie asked why I was mad. I told her to shut up and stop talking in that ridiculous accent of hers and then she started yelling at me. She told me that she outaged me and I compared her to the United States President George W. Bush. Cause she made up the word 'outage' and he made up words too." Virgil explained.

"I see. Well it's nine so try to go to sleep."

"Okay, Mom."

The woman closed the door behind her as she left and Virgil got under the covers of his bed and fell asleep within minutes.

****XXX****

Two people dressed in black t-shirts and grey sweatpants snuck into Virgil's house. They searched through the house, clearly looking for something. They thoroughly searched the first floor and then upon finding, or not finding as the case may be, nothing they silently crept up the stairs. They were met with a hallway on either side and each went down a hallway, opening doors and peeking inside as quietly as possible. One found Virgil sleeping soundly in his bed. They beckoned their partner over and replaced Virgil with an exact replica of him. With their package obtained, they snuck out of the house as quietly as they had come.

****AN:** So Maggie was kind of half-assed. I have plans for her in the future but since I didn't have much for her in terms of childhood, I just sloppily threw something together. Can you guess who the second and third kids are? Maybe not the third if you haven't played the game I borrowed him from. As for the second kid, he is actually a canon Halo character, I'm just giving him a background. Well that's all from me for now. I'm thinking I can get started on chapter 3 after this is posted. Read and review please.******

End
file.